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PHYSIC
AND
DELUSION!

OR,

JEZEBEL AND THE DOCTORS!

**A Farce,
IN TWO ACTS.**

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
“Royalty Fog-bound,” “Regent and King,”
&c. &c.

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PHYSIC

AND

DELUSSION!

OR

TESTED AND THE DOCTORS!

BY

IN TWO VOLS.

BY BETTER MINDS, 1890

AND

OF THE DOCTORS, 1890

1890

HAMBLIN AND SEYFANG, PRINTERS, GARLICK-HILL, THAMES-STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LATHREND—*A preacher of JEZEBEL GAMMONALL'S,
originally a render of lath.*

MICHAEL—*His clerk, originally his chopper of wood.*

BOLUS

BLISTER

GLYSTER

LEECH

CATHARTIC

LUMPKIN

} *Sons of Galen, and High Priests of
Lucina.*

COUNTRYMEN, DOCTOR'S SERVANTS, &c.

JEZEBEL GAMMONALL—*A pretended Prophetess.*

MARIA WEAKWIT—*Her dupe, residing with her.*

MRS. LUMPKIN.

BETTY—*Cleaner of Pews.*

PHYSIC AND DELUSION ;

OR,

JEZEBEL and the DOCTORS!

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the House of JEZEBEL
GAMMONALL.*

Enter LATHREND and MICHAEL.

Lath.—**H**AST thou chopp'd me wood for lath?

Mich.—Master, yes, thy servant hath.

Lath.—Hast thou swept the chapel pews?

Mich.—Yes—and I have fearful news :

While thy servant cleans'd the rugs,
Swept the pews and smok'd the bugs,
Came our sister, Betty Neale,
Fir'd with anger and with zeal.

Quoth I, "Bet, what hath befel ?

"Quick, thy faithful Michael tell !"

Then she quoth, with face of scarlet,

"*Polishwell*, that graceless varlet,

"Yonder in the street is swearing,

"That our mistress is *past bearing* ;

"Only competent indeed

"Lies and blasphemy to breed ;

"Prophetess and priest, he quoth,

"Are but vile impostors both."

Lath.—Blasphemous wretch !

Mich.

Aye, so cried I ;

"Blasphemous wretch !" says I, "you lie !"

But, worthy master, I would fain,

Lest we should be attack'd again,

Draw from your lips the wond'rous story,

What brought about this work of glory ;

That I may make this knave repent,

By *banging* him with argument.

Lath.—I'll tell thee, Mich. One coal-black

night,

'Twas nearly one o'clock, or quite,

Our mistress, plung'd in meditations,

Was ransacking the Revelations ;

When, as she ponder'd thus alone,

A sudden splendour round her shone ;

It was the Lord—yes, Michael, yes,

Who came our prophetess to bless :

But what he said or what he did,
Michael, from you and I are hid;
We only know the virgin beareth
A token that his love she shareth.

Mich.—And she grows large!

Lath. Near eight months' gone.

Mich.—And will bring forth—

Lath. Aye, Mich, a son!

Mich.—And she has been concern'd with no
man!

Lath.—None, Michael, none.

Mich. Lord! what a woman!

But, Sir, mankind are unbelievers,
And may account us all deceivers.

Lath.—There soon will come nine men of physic,
To tell of what our mistress is sick;
We'll then beat unbelief dog-hollow,
And make the world the wonder swallow.

[*A loud Knocking.*

Run, Michael, run, some tidings come;
Mind, Gammonall is not at home.

Mich.—I take—our mistress is far gone,
And must not now be look'd upon.

[*Exit.*

Lath.—'Tis a good trade—God bless the day
That I threw lath and chips away!
Aye, this is profitable work,
And makes me richer than a Turk;

For I, who once did toil away
 To earn my eighteen pence a day,
 Rais'd now to Gammonall's High-Priest,
 Clear twenty pounds a week at least.
 God bless the day ! God bless the day !
 That I threw lath and chips away !

[*Dancing.*

Re-enter MICHAEL and COUNTRYMAN.

Mich.—This man hath sundry presents brought,
 Baskets of plate and God knows what !
 He bringeth them from Brummagem,
 But will not let me rummage 'em.

Lath.—'Twas rightly done ; to me alone
 The world's peace-offerings should be shown.

Country.—Why, maister, faith and truth to tell,
 I was to see Ma'am Jezebel ;
 But I suppose 'tis just the same—
 Your reverence—

Lath. Takes them in her name,
 Your message, friend—

Country. 'Tis in this locket,
 I brought it in my waistcoat pocket,
 For, sir, my memory fails me sadly,
 So 'twas wrote out by Mister Bradley.
 This *pap-spoon*, sir, a pretty thing,
 Is meant to feed the new-born king—
 This golden *coral*, made by Freath,
 To rub a passage for his teeth—

A *necklace* this, a potent charm,
To keep his majesty from harm ;
These satin shoes, a mantle that ;
These leading-strings, and this a hat ;
This is a most expensive *cap* ;
And these are rusks to make his *pap*.
My townsmen also wish'd to send
A *nurse* the virgin to attend,
But could not find, oh, sad disgrace !
A virgin-midwife in the place.

Lath.—Enough, enough, my friends ; we see
In these your gifts your piety ;
Go say, that when the great earthquake
The pillars of the world shall shake,
Then Brummagem shall not be shaken,
The good folks there have sav'd their bacon—
They shall be granted an exemption ;
Our SHILOH worketh their redemption.

Country.—I never was so happy ; never ;
Good bye, sir ; Brummagem for ever.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich.—Well, I'm a great man grown, that's sure ;
No longer scorn'd, no longer poor ;
No longer forc'd to beg a job ;
Always a dollar in my fob ;
What's more, protected from all evil,
Beyond the power of death or devil

Met my old master now, young Strike,
 Who always us'd to call me Mich.
 Says he,—and mov'd out of my way—
 “ Dear *Mister* Chopper-chip, good day !”
 This prophet-trade is vastly good,
 Better by half than chopping wood ;
 When mistress lies by on the shelf,
 I mean to set up for myself
 Zounds, here's a lot of shining lumber,
 Gimcracks and kickshaws without number !
 Lord ! could I *crib* this silver spoon !
 But here comes Bet —

Enter BETTY.

Return'd so soon !

Betty.—There was a time, oh, Michael, oh !
 You did not snub me thus, you know ;
 Woe witch the day you came from Wapping,
 And for the chapel left chip-chopping.
 How money alters people—

Mich.

Bet :

Don't put thy Michael in a fret ;
 I love thee, wench, I do, believe me !

Betty.—I will believe, so don't deceive me.

Mich.—Here, feast your eyes wench !

Betty.

Feast, *begum* !

Where did these dolldrums all come from ?

Mich.—Of baby-things this goodly stock
 Is from our lady's country flock ;

A northern lout, an awkward loon—
Gosh, I should like that silver spoon.

Betty.—Well, take it Mich. I'll look about ;
All folks are honest till found out,
And all those things, upon my soul,
Ought not to pass without some toll,

Mich.—(*taking the spoon*) Well spoken, Bet.
Honesty, rot it,
Is out of date. Zounds, Bet, I've got it !
A bonny pap-spoon, hussey, a'nt it?
No matter, girl, how soon we want it.

Betty.—Fie, Mich, oh, fie ! you talk quite wild—
I never mean to have a child !

Mich.—Perhaps like our lady, Betty, thou
May'st get so, God alone knows how,
And make thy faithful Michael jealous,
By wantoning with heavenly fellows !
Oh, Bet ! my Bet——

Betty. Dear Michael, try me,
Not flesh nor spirit shall come nigh me ;
No, I shall own no kind impression,
'Till you, dear Mich. shall take possession.

Mich.—Well said, dear Bet ; but hark, I hear,
Our lady's voice and footsteps near,
And Lathrend too ; come, Bet, let's go,
We must not loiter here, you know.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter JEZEBEL GAMMONALL, MARIA WEAKWIT,
and LATHREND.*

Lath.—Lady, how feel you?

Jezebel. Very queer!

A zingular zenzation here!

[Laying her hand on her stomach.

A strange audacious kind of kicking,
Which makes my stomach loathe and sicken.

Lath.—Have you a longing? Pray don't mar it:

Jezebel.—Gosh! I could swig a bowl of claret—

Lath.—Claret for SHILOH. Weakwit fly;

[Exit WEAKWIT.

For want of wine he must not die.

How long d'ye think, dear ma'am, it may be,

'Ere we shall see the heav'nly baby?—

Jezebel.—If I can keep my reckoning right,
I am just eight months gone to night,
Feel, Lathrend, feel; it moves again,

Lath.—I feel it, maam, I do, quite plain.
Thou favor'd handmaid of the Lord,
Thou art with child, upon my word:
Now let the doctors come—

Jezebel. Aye, aye,

Now let the doctors come, I zay,
This is the day they talk of coming,
To tell if I the world am humming.—
How runs our cash?

Lath. I scarce can tell.
 Last Sunday turn'd out vastly well;
 Collected full two pounds one shilling,
 Our followers poor, but very willing.
 And as to presents, turn your eye,
 And see what heaps of tributes lie,
 The folks of Brummagem do greet you,
 And thus with store of baubles treat you,
 They are kind souls.

Jezebel. Shut up my doors.
 My house is now too full of stores,
 I ma'n't too covetous appear.

Lath.—(*Turning over the stores, and aside*)—
 D——n——n! why I'm sure 'twas here!
 The pap-spoon gone! Oh, Mich, 'twas wrong—
 I upon that did look and long.
 I am outwitted, Gosh.

Jezebel. How now!
 What means that cloud upon thy brow

Lath.—A charming pap-spoon, silver, chas'd;
 All solid, did not look like cas'd,
 The rascal had a decent taste.

Jezebel.—Chas'd — cas'd—taste!—what means
 the loon?

Lath.—Oh, mistress mine, the spoon, the spoon!

Jezebel.—The spoon. Oh, now I comprehend it;
 'Twas thoughtless in 'em not to send it
 The pap-spoon should go with the cradle;
 But never mind, we have a ladle.

Lath.—Zounds, they did send one.

Jezebel. Did ! d'ye say ?

Then who has taken it away ?

Lath.—Thy servant Mich ; I cannot doubt it.

Jezebel.—Oh ! is it so ? I'll see about it.

I always found the rascal lazy,

But never thought him a Gehazi.

[*A loud Knocking.*

Re-enter WEAKWIT with Claret.

Weakwit.—The doctors, Ma'am, I saw 'em meet,
And then nine of 'em cross'd the street ;

And then they stood all round the door :

Says one, “ I'll bet you five to four,

“ The vile old cat, before we see,

“ Is no more quick than you or me.”

Wiping his spectacles, another

Cried, “ You are surely out, good brother.”

“ No,” says a third, “ may I be d——'d,

“ If I don't think her breeding shamm'd !”

Then one, who had not spoke before,

Call'd you the Babylonian —— !

Then, Ma'am, I was so strangely shock'd,

That I ran in before they knock'd.

Lath.—The devil for this sin will mince 'em.

Jezebel.—But not till after I convince 'em.

Give me the claret.

Lath. Weakwit, do,

Give her a thumping glass or two ;

Of spirits she will need enough,
For she will have a contest tough.

Jezebel.—(*Drinks*) Now I am arm'd against
the worst ;
I'll never yield, I'll perish first.
I have a strength beyond my own,
And I will meet the knaves alone.
Spite of their consequence so arrant,
They shall eat humble pie, I warrant.

Nor longer bet their five to four,
Nor say I sham, nor call me ———.
I'll make them mend their base behaviour,
And prove with Heaven I am in favour :
So run and tell these doctors, maid,
That when I have myself array'd,
They shall then see me, hear my story,
And own that I am fill'd with glory.

[*Exeunt JEZEEL and WEAKWIT.*

Lath.—Now while these learned sons of Galen
Differ about my lady's ailing,
I'll follow Mich, that artful loon,
And thrash him, or get back the spoon.
Suppose these doctors should declare
My mistress won't be brought to bear ;
The barking world will then be free
To heap abuse on her and me.
She will be sent to *quod*, that's plain,
And I to rending laths again.

But for these fears there's little need,
 Nine doctors never yet agreed;
 There's sure to be a strong collision,
 Were it alone for opposition;
 And while the world is lost in doubt,
 By keeping up a sharp look-out,
 I may, at least, contrive an on-looker
 To take good care of number One.

[Exit.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A large Apartment.*

Enter BOLUS, BLISTER, GLYSTER, LEECH, CATHARTIC, LUMPKIN, &c. &c. and WEAKWIT.

Weakwit.—MY mistress, Sirs, will but agree
One of you at a time to see ;
So Doctor Bolus, follow me.

[Exit BOLUS and WEAKWIT.]

Lump.—Brother Blister, what's her age?

Blister.—More than sixty, I'll engage.

Lump.—" 'Tis passing strange," as some one
says,

In one of Mister Shakespeare's plays.

Glyster.—The world all waits for the decision
Of this, our learned coalition.

Leech.—Well, we'll decide the question soon.

Lath. (without.)—I say, you knave, you stole
the spoon !

Cathar.—What's that?

Lump. God save my moral name!
We're in a house of doubtful fame.
My wife's here too; her skill, 'tis known,
Doth sometimes regulate my own.
Mich. (without.)—I say, I stole no spoon, not I.
Lath. (without.)—I say you did, so knave you
lie!

Re-enter BOLUS, agitated.

Bolus.—By all the powers of draught and pill,
By all my practice and my skill;
By all the influence of my name,
And all my hopes of future fame,
This is a wonder.

Lump. Is it so?
Say, brother Bolus, aye or no?

Bolus.—Pestle and mortar, I abjure ye,
Brothers, 'tis so, I do assure ye.
'Tis your turn, Blister.

[*Exit BLISTER.*

Leech. And she is quick?

Bolus.—As sure as hell's the home for Nick.

Leech.—This beats all miracles before.
Well, I've a wife almost fourscore,
And for these forty years and more;

Heav'n has been wearied with my prayers,
To give me heiresses or heirs.
Thought it a hopeless call till now,
But now I'll pray anew, I vow.
Why should not Mistress Leech grow young
As well as Jezebel.

Lump.

How long

Brother, do you suppose she'll go?

Bolus.—Why, brother Lumpkin, I scarce know.
A month, perhaps, within a week;
In such a case 'tis hard to speak.

Re-enter BLISTER.

Glyster.—Come, brother Blister, speak at once,

Blister.—Then brother Bolus is a dunce.

Be gentle now, you in a stew are;
The dame's no more with child than you are.
Together all the rest may go.

[*Exeunt* LEECH, CATHARTIC,
GLYSTER, LUMPKIN, &c.]

Bolus.—Now, Blister, I affirm 'tis so.

Blister.—I'll stake my patent opening mixture,
Her puff'd up body is a fixture.

Bolus.—Aye, for a month, perchance, it may be.

Blister.—Why, zounds! she'll never have a baby.

Bolus.—You're obstinate, sir, that the fact is,
But I'm the man of greater practice.
You sadly have your skill committed,
And easily have been outwitted,
But these things come to me quite pat,
The growth, the symptoms, and all that.
How many ladies think you now
I in my time have——

Blister. Bow-wow-wow !
Zounds one would think, you bark so long ;
You had but just found out your tongue.
As to your ladies, let me say,
I'll show lists with you any day.
Duchesses, Marchionesses, Ladies,
Amongst such circles, sir, my trade is,
I don't go into filthy lanes,
And call a dollar ample gains.

Bolus.—Fellow, 'tis false ! pills in your throat,
Your practice is not worth a groat ;
I have reliev'd—by G—d 'tis true,—
Ladies of higher rank than you,
And who have pass'd for virgins too.
By retailing your salts and manna,
And oil and ipecacuanha,
You may pick up enough, perhaps,
To give employment to your chops ;
But that's th' extent.

Blister. By G—d, old prig ;
Another word, and by my wig——

Bolus.—Thy wig ! great *accoucheur*, well said,
'Tis of more value than thy head ;
And, 'mongst thy customers, poor ninnies !
Has help'd thee much to bag thy guineas.

Blister.—I'll bear no more ; take that, old dolt.

[*Striking him with his cane.*]

Bolus.—(*Striking*) And that again, thou saucy
colt.

Re-enter LUMPKIN, GLYSTER, LEECH, CATHAR-
TIC, &c.

Leech.—Fie ! gentlemen, learn self-possession,
Or you will shame our grave profession ;
Whence this disturbance ?

Bolus. Brothers, I
Was not the cause.

Blister. Zounds, 'tis a lie !
I said that Jezebel, d'ye see,
Is no more big than you or me ;
Then my opinion he revil'd,
Swearing the woman is with child ;
Up went his cane, doubtlessly meant,
To give weight to his argument.
And thus began the fray.

Leech. Aye, brother,
She'll be some time, 'ere she's a mother.

Lump.—That's all you know about it, ass!
I'll pledge my skill six weeks don't pass
Before she's eas'd.

Leech. You've pledg'd a trifle;
I scorn your words, you shan't me rifle
Tho' were it needful, I'll declare
She's not with child.

Lump. She is, I'll swear.

Cathar.—And so will I, thro' thin and thick,
Aye, and support it with my stick.

Glyster.—Have at thee then.

[*They fight.*]

Enter WEAKWIT, screaming.

Weakwit.—Fine doings here, upon my word;
Murder! I'll call the watch, good Lord!
Why, these are doctors, all from Bedlam,
Who must be meddling—Devil meddle 'em!
Mayor, and Aldermen, and watch,
And Sheriffs, Turnkeys, and Jack Ketch,
Come here, and end this devilish riot,
And make these bickering madmen quiet.

Glyster.—Hussey, begone! [*Exit WEAKWIT.*]

I'll write—I'll write
A flaming piece this very night;
To morrow's Chronicle shall tell
Th' impostures of this Jezebel!

[*Exit.*]

Bolus.—You write! you write! Write, if you
can, Sir,
And I'll soon write a d—ning answer!
I'll lay the rascal on his back;
A busy, meddling, purse-proud quack!
[*Exit*.

Blister.—Why should not Blister also rattle a
Paper and pen as well as spatula?
'Egad I will; I'll also write
In reason and in nature's spite,
That's what I will.
[*Exit*.

Lump. I can't do that;
Never could write, and that is flat.
But wife and I will talk it over,
And some wise scheme we shall discover.
They may be bold, and be mistaken,
While I by caution save my bacon.
[*Exit*.

Leech.—What shall I do? I'll hold my tongue,
Till I see who's like to be wrong;
Then take the strongest side, and thus
Save character and business!
[*Exit*.

Enter LATHREND.

Lath —Gosh! they're all gone, with much ado!
A vile, audacious, quarr'ling crew!

Next time that I to Heav'n make mention
Of ills, from which I ask prevention,
In my long list of dreaded evil,
Doctors shall rank above the Devil.
I should have pummell'd Michael soon,
Had he not given up the spoon ;
But since I've got it, I believe,
I may as well the knave forgive.

Re-enter LUMPKIN.

Lump.—Zounds, I forgot my hat ! Who's there ?
Oh ! Parson Lathrend, I declare !
How fares it, reverend Sir ?

Lath.

Alack !

Not as it did some few years back ;
My younger properties are marr'd,
For age has ridden me too hard.

Lump.—Happy for you to live to see
This wonderful nativity.
Shiloh will come !

Lath. Ah, now you're humming !

Lump.—No, by my soul ! the boy is coming.

Lath.—I would not, could I see the rogue,
My death another hour prorogue.

Lump.—You'll see him, and you'll handle him,
And doubtless nurse and dandle him.
But I must go ; good Sir, adieu.

[*Exit.*

Lath.—My worthy friend, farewell to you.
That's a wise doctor, very wise,
And looketh with unbiass'd eyes ;
His wife, unless I'm much mistaken,
An interest in our cause has taken ;
She rules him when at home, ecod,
And I suppose she reigns abroad.

Enter JEZEBEL.

Jezebel.—This dreadful day ! I am 'got thro' it,
And hope I shan't have cause to rue it.
What filthy rogues these doctors are,
Abominable, I declare :
Made up of pith and impudence,
Mix'd with a very little sense.
They ask'd such questions !

Lath. Heed them never :
You have confounded the most clever.

Jezebel.—But they're not all convinc'd.

Lath. Care not:
The most audacious of them dare not
Say 'tis not so, lest, bye and bye,
Shiloh himself should say, "You lie!"

Jezebel.—But they have doubts; and if old
Harry
Should make me, after all, miscarry,
I shan't survive it, Lathrend.

Lath. Eh!

Yield not to gloomy thoughts, I pray.

Despondence is a monstrous crime;

Heaven may be kind a second time.

Jezebel.—But should a girl fall to my lot?

Lath.—The mischief may be overgot;

We'll have a chaplet thus engrav'd,

"Woman by woman must be sav'd,"

The midwife we must trust, you know,

To bind it round the baby's brow.

Jezebel.—I'll leave the management to thee;

Thou art a faithful friend, I see;

But yet I think that I shall die;

I do indeed.

Lath. Fie, mistress, fie!

Show more of faith, and keep aloof

Bad thoughts.

Jezebel. I merit the reproof.

And now I'll go and pray to heaven,

That I be strengthen'd and forgiven.

[*Exit.*

Lath.—I have just got an awkward note,

And by a bailiff's follower brought;

It filleth me with grief and sorrow.

Beginning thus—"Don't preach to-morrow,

"You every Sunday breed a riot,

"And injure thus the city's quiet.

"This friendly admonition take you,
 "Or, Lathrend, otherwise we'll make you."
 Whom shall I now obey? The Lord, or
 The magistrates who sent this order?
 I believe I must oblige the living,
 For Heaven, in truth, is most forgiving.
 [Exit.

SCENE.—*An Apartment at LUMPKIN'S.*

Enter LUMPKIN and MRS. LUMPKIN.

Lump.—Now, Mrs. Lumpkin, pray you tell
 What I shall do?

Mrs. L. You know full well:
 What I do wish; your daily trade is
 Among a pack of squeamish ladies;
 If you commit your name and knowledge—

Lump.—I shall be quizz'd by all the college.

Mrs. L.—Deuce take the college, Mr. Lump-
 kin,

You are a dull and stupid bumpkin.—

Lump—To prove myself a man of knowledge,
 Then I will say—"deuce take the college,"

Mrs. L.—Listen! Should you be wrong, you
 dunce,
 Away goes all our trade at once,

Then we the carriage must put down,
 And be the laugh of all the town,
 'Twont do ; you must not be too flat,
 But leave a hole to creep out at.
 Have two opinions like most others—
 This to the world, this to your brothers.

Lump.—My pretty chuckling, 'pon my life,
 I could not do without my wife.
 Now take the chariot if you will,
 And go and hear your parson H—;
 I'll cross your wish no more.

Enter LATHREND, running.

Lath.

Alas !

Another wonder's come to pass.
 My poor old mistress ; lord, oh, lord !
 How she is us'd, upon my word—
 Run, doctor, run !

Lump.

Why all this clatter ?

Say, what the devil is the matter ?

Lath.—Another vision she hath had,
 A vision which hath drove her mad.

Mrs. L.—Relate it quick. I long to know it,

Lump.—Aye, reverend sir, do ! Go it ! go it !

Lath.—We had just talk'd the matter over,
 About her and her heavenly lover.

She had retir'd, took off her cap,
And laid her down to take her nap.
When sudden glory round her glar'd ;
She look'd, and wonder'd much, and star'd.
Then spoke a voice—"Thou poor old stupe,
"Thou hast been made the Devil's dupe.
"Satan hath won thee with a lie,
"Thou art no more with child than I;
"No, no, thou credulous old mopsey,
"Thy case is an invet'rate DROPSY :
"No SHILOH shall by you be lapp'd ;
"Send for a doctor, and be *tapp'd*."
She only had a Devil's squeeze.
Send her to Bedlam when you please.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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 "Must all my pleasures be defeated,
 "And I be like a subject treated.
 "Open the door, and let me out,
 "And d——n me, turn the coach about;
 "Old E——n, that surly dog,
 "And G——w, shall indict the fog."

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OR,

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 "Come, tell me how have I behav'd?"
 "Oh! Sir," said Mac, and scratch'd his pole,
 "Illustriously, upon my spule?"
 "And who look'd best, the king or me?"
 "Who seem'd to shew most majesty?"
 "Lord, Sir!" said ready MAC again,
 "I would not wish to make you vain;
 "Louis look'd the figure of a god,
 "A common sight, Sir; yes, by G——d!
 "He shew'd some decency, 'tis true,
 "But could not be compared with you."

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Lord! that the owners of a Crown
 Should, robber-like, steal into town;
 Avoid day-light and public highways,
 And pick out all the lanes and bye-ways!
 That Kings, owl-like, should wing their flight
 Beneath the dusky brow of night;
 Shelter themselves behind a fog,
 Or slip from place to place incog.

